

The Baby.

Another little wave,
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet,
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow or the broad.

Two more little hands,
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

150 Meals for \$1.00.

BABY'S FOOD DOES NOT COST MUCH WHEN
THE BILL OF FARE IS PROPERLY
ARRANGED.

[Boston Daily Globe.]

"It is now that infant mortality swells the death rate of both city and country, now that the fluttering white crape and the tiny hearse tell a sad story of suffering and death," said a prominent physician to our reporter the other day.

"Can't something be done, Doctor, to prevent this?"

"Yes, use common sense in taking care of children. Don't keep them bundled up indoors this hot weather, but put them out in the fresh air as much as possible.

"Cholera infantum is the complaint that most often stills

'A little voice whose helpless call

'Is music to a mother's ear.'

"And yet that could be avoided in nine cases out of ten did the parents use a proper food. Cow's milk causes thousands of deaths among the little ones. Even the breast milk in hot weather is often injurious, while of the many prepared foods few possess positive merits, and I have found only one that is at the same time perfectly reliable and economical.

"When Lactated Food, of which I am speaking, is prepared for infants, its cost is less than five cents per quart---not as expensive as cow's milk alone. And think of the sickness, the suffering, the sorrow that can be prevented by its use."

The words of this physician should be remembered by all to whom a young life has been intrusted; and acted upon by all who wish their children to be happy and healthy, instead of pale and puny.

What Shall the Invalid Eat?



Miss Parloa, the authority on cooking, says: "There is no reason why sick people should take insipid, tasteless food, but how seldom it is that they get anything else."

A friend of mine was recovering from a wasting fever, and kind hands prepared beef tea, gruel, and other tasteless dishes that are supposed to be the only proper food for invalids. Instead of gaining in strength he became weaker and finally was able to sup a few spoonfuls of coffee only. He said to me afterwards, "It was getting to be a serious question what to eat to sustain life. Finally my wife had an idea. My youngest boy was a 'bottle baby,' brought up on a well known artificial food, and she reasoned that if this food agreed with his weak stomach, it ought to with mine. To please my palate she flavored it with a little extract of vanilla. It tasted good, and what was more, built up my weakened system. It was so agreeable, palatable and satisfying that Lactated Food and I are now fast friends."

My friend's experience is valuable. It shows that there is a diet for invalids, for dyspeptics, for the aged, and for all whose digestion is weak, that not only is a delicacy, but strengthens and builds up the enfeebled system, thus bringing back health, strength and vitality.

When Afrie's sable scion ails
And utters forth such plaintive wails,
All know his wants, perceive his mood
And soothe him with "LACTATED FOOD."

While all with one consent delight
To wake their parents in the night,
Their cries at once are understood
And answered by "LACTATED FOOD."



Their language innocent and sweet
Is never that of vain deceit,
Their Testimony's always good
And always for "LACTATED FOOD."